GOWNS AND DRESSES FOR ALL OCCASIONS-ANNA SPENCER, Inc., 244

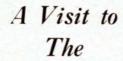
BREVITIES



YVETTE RUGEL

(Mrs. Johnny Dooley)

Famous Lyric Artiste of the Big Time, to appear at PALACE again on June 6.



Survey Survey Survey

FOLIES BERGERE

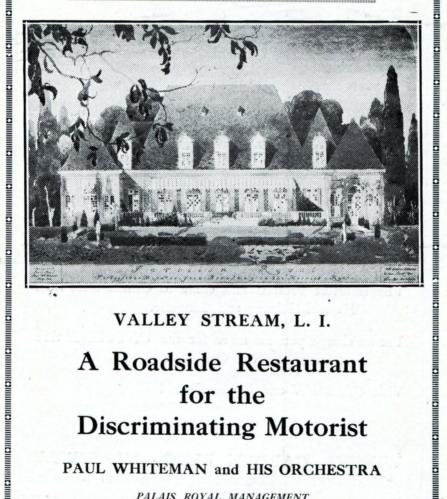
Winter Garden Building 50th and Broadway

IS ALWAYS A DELIGHTFUL EVENT

The Famous
Dixie-land Jazz Band

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PAVILLON ROYAL



VALLEY STREAM, L. I.

A Roadside Restaurant for the **Discriminating Motorist**

PAUL WHITEMAN and HIS ORCHESTRA

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Hotel COMMODORE

One of the great hotels of Pershing Square

Under the Direction of JOHN MS E. BOWMAN, Pres.



DIRECT INDOOR CONNECTION WITH THE GRAND CENTRAL TERMINAL
"Get off the train and turn to the left"

GEORGE W. SWEENEY, VICE-PRESIDENT AND MANAGING DIRECTOR

WITH all its magnitude, its beauty, and the luxury of its most modern facilities, the fame of the Hotel Commodore is built on its sincere and unusual personal service to the individual guest in New York.

This service does not confine itself to perfect rooms and board; but responds to the world of natural human needs and desires of the stranger in a great city.

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With the other Pershing Square Hotels, The

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UNDER DIRECTION OF MARIE MALLARD

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One of our "creations" to meet the needs of New York's fastidious women in Gowns and Wraps of pre-eminent smartness.

See this beautiful

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UNDER DIRECTION OF MARIE MALLARD

BROADWAY BREVITIES

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"LASTS-MINUTES" ON A FRONT PAGE

They're all calling Johnny Dooley the "June Bug" of "June Love."

As the Irish cook in "Phoebe of Quality Street," Gertrude Mudge has made one of the hits of her career. Sharing with the lead the principal part of the applause, her brogue is one of the delights of the piece.

Meet Joseph Petchesky, legal sharp, and first-aid to those rare old Night-Riders the Farley Sleuths. Then read pages 13 and 14. Joe has immediate care of the philandering wives and hubbies who get the old blue prints from his firm, Silverman & Tolins, 99 Nassau.

Did you know that pretty Sally Fields and Estelle Dudley are going with Frank Fay's "Fables"? Well, it's no fable.

Did Harry Hecheimer air Countess Barklefski 'cause he couldn't pronounce her name?

Incidentally, as we applesauce to press, comes news of the arrest of Signor Ivan Christy by his rain and hail—but, once more, see pp. 13 and 14.

Gus Schult opens his famous "Ben Hur" at City Island, on the 25th and threatens to make Ye Ed announce the prizes. Ye Ed may do this little thing, if Gus sends his car for him!

Dr. Burrell, of the Marble Collegiate Church is a brave bird. He announces full responsibility for William H. Anderson, the Joy Killer. Dr. Burrell furnishes one of the choicest examples of what we would call the wetblanket complex.

Neither death nor the printers' 44-hour day has any terrors! Here's little Ralphie Joyce with a new mag. Titled "Gossip." (Is that weird, heartless chortle we hear, from the caves of the "old paper" men?)

YVETTE RUGEL

one of vaudeville's greatest lyric artistes, adorns the cover of BREVITIES this month. Her singing voice possesses a volume, range and brilliancy that place it in the grand opera class. Her numbers on the Big Time bills are therefore usually a sensation. Without the slightest over-praise, she can be termed a star of the first order. Personally of the sweetest and most congenial nature, her happiness is complete in having for husband another star, one Johnny Dooley, of whom it is extremely probable you also have heard. In fact Johnny is now convulsing 'em nightly in "June Love." When you hunt up your little hyphen, and write it "Dooley-Rugel" or "Rugel-Dooley," boy, you've announced some combination, and you're also talking about a lot of money in the blue envelope and the box-office.



EMLEE HADDONE

who with her piquant youth and beauty has adorned many of the Broadway musical shows, as great a favorite personally as she is professionally.





Broadway "Variations"

Wren Flapper Dizzy Pippin Skirt Dress Goods Bundle of Herring Dol1 Flewsy Broad Nifty Armful Chicken Sweet Woman Storm and Strife Hail and Sleet Looker Moll Jane

Oh, If We Only All

had forgetteries! How excoloosis it would be. Then, on reading of the anti-nuptial doings of a noted shimmeyist we'd not be able to put on the old glims and dive away back in the musty past-way, way back to the days in the Southland when the wriggling wren took her first leap in the treacherous deeps of matrimony. His name - durn your old memory!-was just plain Farmer. There is no record showing any agricultural bent. One thing-he didn't last long . . . Yawhs and vawhs elapse, and then comes the sensational pianistic alliance, but-we have discoverednot three months ago, but two years ago, having been kept a secret all that time. When the fair one decided to sever the bonds she found that, in order to enter divorce proceedings. she'd have to get hitched all over again before a justice of the peace, as the first ceremony had been celebrated before a Rabbi. 'Twas done. Everything now seems K. O. except that friend husband peeves around her a whole lot . . . We'll put ten on the red she'll take him back.

We don't say for a minute it's so, but we hold that Edith Hallor took a swift jump to the Coast recently. This was after, as also reported, her ex-hubby had exhumed a bunch of her sparklers in Uncle's at a pretty outlay of some thousands of dollars, which the little gel slammed in again and started for the Gilded Gate on the proceeds. Now, there mightn't be one durn thing in the rumor, but we pass it along just to while the time away.

It is understood that Lloyd's are willing to accept odds on the Arthur Hammerstein wager that he'll chalk up more wives than Nat Goodwin before he's through. This delightful intelligence is accompanied by a queer, chortling sound from Peggy Hopkins' direction that she's "going to keep right on until she finds a hubby she loves." Nothing has been heard from De Wolf Hopper, but he may wire in any minute.

That popular old-timer, Max Hoffman, who looks like Al Fields, is waving the baton over the Ziegfeld Roof orchestra.

Why did the guy on long distance offer to send return fare to Viola Brice? And why, after apparent anxiety about her stay in Philly, did he remark: "I'll take your word for it."

We don't know how true it is, but there's an amusing story going the rounds about the professional "lists" of a well-known artists' representative. On these lists are a galaxy of stars and near-beer histrions that would choke the City Directory. One day a famous producer called in to go through the roster to find a cast for his new show. Starting at "A" he worked down the index only to hear the representative remark every other second: "Sorry, I can't furnish that artist—he died last year." After hear-

ing this report about a hundred times the producer exclaimed: "Say, if you don't mind, I think I'll take your list and check off the rest of it up at Campbell's!"

You might as well try to find a flask that hasn't been needled as to stop Billy Kurth. He gets worse every year. Now, it's going to be a palatial chalet, all his own, propped right up against the rolling Atlantic at Long Beach. A speedy airship will take him to and from the "Frolic" during the summer, while for those on his guestlist (which includes most of the Broadway dolls) who prefer to stay on terra firma high-powered Rolls Royces will be waiting at all hours. It's going to be terrible. But you ought to see the Cause of it all. Fresh from Palm Beach, too. She's some cute little armful.

Why Not Close the Hoofers' Joints?

What is the matter with the Commissioner of Licenses that he allows the hoofing halls to go on their evil way undisturbed when the papers each day carry new stories of young girls led astray in these evil resorts? Have you ever stood at the door of one of these places and sized up the patrons pouring in and out? Half of these are little "dizzies" of sixteen, seventeen and eighteen years of age, out sometimes in twos, sometimes in threes and fours, the ideal prey of the pimplefaced pups who infest the halls. These girls haven't the chance of a jackrabbit in the hands of the pups. Why not take away the licenses of ALL the hoofing places? They are simply a cloak for seduction, a clearing-house for vice and shame. Dancing at its best is idiotic-why allow it also to be iniquitous?

Congratulations to Remick & Co., and incidentally to Moe Gumble, on that new melody "Just Keep a Thought for Me." It's impossible not to keep a thought for the Remick hits, seeing you hear them from the "Frolic" roof clear out to the Coast.

Now, it doesn't make a bit of difference, but we want to know-Who is the "wealthy" young curb broker that Sydney Nelson is all het up over? And we'd also like to stick the old interrogation point on this—What are all his other wild wimming doing now? And once more, all together, boys—is the answer roll or shape? Does "Irv" know?

Why such trifles as the near invasion of Germany, the situation in Yap, the death of Kay Laurell's bowwow, the Greco-Turkish war and the Chinese laundry strike are occupying public attention when the busted Phoebe Lee-Kauffman "nuptials" are still unexplained, the Lord only knows. We know Phoebe doesn't look any too cheerful. She must often yearn for the happy days in the little tonsorial foundry back of the old Barthodli Inn when life was just one sweet manicure after another.

Salute potatoes, or whatever the drinking toast is, to Evvie Nesbit's new tea shop just off Broadway on West 52. After life's fitful fever she steeps well.

Extra Special!

It now appears that the name of flapper Kay Laurell's defunct poodle, of whose death and obsequies we printed a "scoop" story in our last issue, was "Peachy." It was a girl dog. The surviving brother, "Lammie," has gone off with his highly unimportant mistress to Paris.

Here's richness! There's a cullud waiter at the N. V. A. who is just about to take his degree of M. D., on receiving which he will slope back to Dixieland to take up medical practice in his home town.

Murder will out! In the course of scene-taking for "A Trip to Paradise" by Virginia Valli (whoever she is) Virgy acted as cashier at a Los Angeles lunch counter. Report omits to state whether it was the one where she originally had the job.

The Passing of Rita G-

One of the phases of a great city's life which always has a peculiar pathos is the impersonality of its tragedies. From our evening paper we read off, many a time with humorous or even sarcastic comment, the story of some poor girl who has taken the chloride

route or of some discouraged chap who has leaped before an express in the Times Square tube. If you examine into this apparently paradoxical attitude you find it arises simply from the fact that these hapless ones are strangers to us, representing nothing more than names and that arises in turn from the stark individualism of a teeming metropolis where human beings are stuffed away in cubby-holes with about as much identity as ants in an ant-hill. They are no concern of ours. Our own problems and our own little circle of friends alone absorb us. And if members of the little human ants wish to burn their throats with creosote or mess up the front wheels of the expresses, why they're just a lot of silly fools! But now and again this attitude is altered. Some fine morning we come in contiguity to a tragedy—and that dormant, though still acute, sense of human sympathy, that inextinguishable fellowship with human misery, asserts itself in our alien bosoms. Which is a prelude to the brief annals of the passing of Rita G-, thrust suddenly in our orbit because she had lived in 215 and we in 315. One morning about nine we are awakened by the most pitiful sobbing-sobbing that instantly indicated no ordinary grief but something far more serious. It continued a full hour. Then a woman's voice phoning. "Doctor, this is Rita! I want you to come at once, you know the place,-West 52, and come right up to 215. Hurry, please." Then a second similar message, evidently to some friend. Then another storm of the most woeful wailing-then, silence..... Our intuition was clear - suicide! Excited voices of nurses and doctors soon sounded in 215.....We heard the whole touching story next day Never regaining consciousness "Rita" lived through from this Thursday forenoon to late Saturday About dresser and bath-room were sprawled opiates, wood-alcohol and formaldehyde, half-consumed, those fearsome outlets from life's ironies into mayhap, Peace.....None of the papers said much about the matter, nor could they easily have learned of the bitter trials that antedated the tragedy....You might have known of her as Mrs. Junie McCree, whose

widow she was until about nine months ago, when she remarried......Anyhow, just the going out of one of the little human ants from the gigantic ant-hill of the City.....As we have said, of no importance whatsoever had we not lived in 315.

Why did Jay Kaufman, when told, "The curtain is going UP" exclaim: "Then I am going OUT!"

Did you notice that George Nathan of the **Smart Set** is developing a Falstaffian stomach line?

And isn't it funny to see George and Alex. Woolcott in the opening night lobbie in—as the World, Journal, Times, Sun, Mail, Telegram, and Tribune reporters say—such "close proximity," after George's terrific critical onslaught.

Did you ever hear more cheering news than that Hey Broun will give up dramatic reviewing? Now, get another job for Old Doc. Crane and we'll all get off.

Will Max Bernstein ever "insult" another she-male after Justice Giegrich assessed him one hundred berries for that little indiscretion towards picture actress, Madeleine Kahn?

Isn't it excruciating that poor, dear languid Conway Tearle has just got to go and pay ex-wif Josie, \$75.00 per as alimony 'stead of \$25.00?

Did you know that pretty Joyce Fair is back again from Californy an' ever'thin'?

Lillian Bradley's Ball

at the Commodore on the evening of the 25th inst. is to be entitled "A Night in Bohemia," among the features being the attendance of guests from Uncle Sam's seventy ships in the Harbor. Beth David Hospital will have 100 admissions donated by Miss Bradley. A varied entertainment is to be given, including songs by Miss Bradley and by the former famous star, Maud Raymond, so well remembered with the Rogers Brothers.

Films for Early Release

"Trixie Hunter or, The Mystery of the Ten Dollar Bill."

"Mel G., or, What Mean the Red Pencil Marks on the Wall near the Head of the Bed?"

"Bee F., or, When do we Start?" "Marie Mahon or, Watering the

Rye."

"Lew Brown, or, Six Nights in Paradise."

'McCutcheon's Peril or, Whoinell

Owned the Hootch?" "Come with Me in my Little Canoe

or, Who did the Paddling?"

The story of "Anselmo's Impertinent Curiosity" in Cervantes' immortal Don Quixote has served as an awful

warning to suspicious lovers.

Interdoocin your doner to yer pal has risks that seem to persist in all manner of circumstances. You'd think it would be eliminated in a case where you're a rich old guy, and employ a dashing young detective to keep tabs on your baby doll or to "try out" the kiddo. Results even then are irritating, as was proved not long since when Mr. K.....an elderly swain of Broadway feed the great Chicago sleuth, Harry Strong, to pull this stuff on a certain little cutie-Peggy C. Lynows. Harry got acquainted with the flapper, and after several meetings she conceived a violent infatuation for him, dosing him with hootch, taking him out in her car, etc. and giving every evidence that she was willing for his conscience to be his guide. Well, Harry, having a sweetie of his own, and being actuated always by high professional ethics, couldn't see it. But old man K- soon dis-covered that he had "started something," and it took some tall operating on his part to call the "shadowing" off, so he could have a little spare time to give his cutie, rheumatiz and gout the necessary attention. *

Anita Stewart to Leave Mayer

To those on the inside it has been an "open secret" for a long time that relations far from harmonious existed between the famous screen star, Anita Stewart, and her manager, Louis B. Mayer. Indeed it is said that manager and star have not spoken to each other for over six months, and it is no surprising news that when the picture on which Anita is now engaged is completed, the parting of

the ways will occur. Miss Stewart will form her own company, producing her feature pictures-very likely in . the east-under the direction of her capable and popular husband, Roody Cameron.....During the hot months Miss Stewart will occupy her beautiful home down at Long Beach.

It has for years been the patient study of book canvassers to find an "opener" that will instantly secure the prospect's attention. There's a boy doing the Broadway offices at present that has a "beaut." He prys his way in, asks in a deep, serious voice, "Are YOU Mr. K?".....when you say yes, he continues-"I wish to speak to you on a matter from the Federal Government." Now, we all remember the story of the famous English Bishop, absent on a trip in Europe, to whom was despatched by his friends as a practical joke, a wire reading: "All is discovered-fly at once!" The Bishop never came back. In other words we have all a skeleton in the closet, and if someone rattles the old joints we're sure to get panicky. So when the bright young youth says he has come to see you "from the Federal Government" the following possibilities usually occur to your mind: Income tax; that case of hootch you taxied from the 125th street station on Dec. 23d; the week-end you spent in Atlantic City last Fall with a wren from Connecticut; a bunch of second-class mail you sent out in August, 1920, with written matter inside; your brother-in-law's second cousin sneaked in some Bachardi on a recent Aquitania; the time you.....So you give the damn fool your best chair and a cigarette-and find out he wants to sell you "The Official Lives of the Presidents," twenty down and balance five a month!!!

Did you ever see a walking jewelrystore? A store that operates its office in front of buns and coffee? Probable reason-the high cost of rents. We're speaking of Louis Moratzky, "the chorus girl's friend"-and jeweler. Louis has draped enough cracked ice on the chorines to fill Tiffany's.

What is the mystery about "Elaine Williams"?

Have you ever seen an Indian Guy'd?



JACK HANLEY

of the Ziegfeld Frolic—one of the biggest hits in many months, in his excruciatingly droll sleight-of-hand pantomime.

Rattling the Old "Real Names" Skeleton

You'd think some of these dames had robbed a bank or were disguising themselves as an order of goulash. But, mates, we've just got to do it. And so the little gels won't feel lonesome we slide in a few male alibis. Might add that we're burning up to get the real handles of "Louise Lovely" and "Leatrice Joy." There's two birds for you. If you're on, shoot'em to us. We pay 35 yen for each exposure—1½c. in German money.

AS ISN'T

Patricola Elsie Janis Rubye de Remer Hope Hampton Martha Mansfield Sonia Serova Creole Fashion Plate Janet Beecher

Creighton Hale
Alan Brooks
Lew Brice
Lottie Pickford
Florence Courtney
Margaret Namara
Lillian Lorraine
Fannie Brice
Helen Trix
Norah Bayes
Mary Miles Minter
Saharet
Lillian Walker (trying to get pried loose)

AS IS

Isabella Allen Elsie Bierbauer Ruby Burkhardt Bridget Kennedy Martha Ehrlich Elsie Shepstone George Peduzzi Mrs. R. Hoffman+Mrs. H. Guggenheim Pat Fitzgerald Irving Hayward Lew Borach Loretta Smith Hupp Mrs. George Jessel Mrs. Guy Bolton Mary Ann Brennan Fannie Borach Helen Yager Norah Goldberg Mary Shelby Mrs. Maxim P. Lowe Mrs. Charles Hansen

Houbigant's, Coty's and Guerlain's Perfumes

At Greatly Reduced Prices!

Winter Garden Drug Store

WINTER GARDEN BUILDING
50 and B'way

Fall Back, Men!—Here Come the Farley Night Riders!!

If you want to get close to a cute little bunch of Night-Riding Sleep-Disturbers you couldn't do better, we think, than have a knock-down to the Farley Detective Bureau. At the popular games of "Splash me" and "Puss in the Corner" not to speak of that thrilling indoor sport called "Hubby in the Bathroom" they're great. They're just a lot of owls that flap around here, there and everywhere at dead of night, and every time they take a flap they seem to trip over a faithless wife or hubby, either nabbed in flagrante delicto, or just before or after "taking." They're terrible. We'd be taken completely aback if we learned that the Farley sleuths have a single illusion left on the subject of matrimony. With their knuckles all skinned from breaking into hotel suites and comfy little apartments around four to six a. m. their pet hobby is to suspect, with relentless suspectness, the grand old Institution of Connubial Bliss. And if you don't believe what we say, then let us regale you with a few instances of what these boys have done recently to make America Safe for Divorce Suits:

MEET ARLINGTON MOORE, ESQUIRE, INVENTOR,

of Boston. We don't mean he invented Boston, which would be a rotten honor, but just a regular "inventor"-for all we know, he makes patent window-catches or non-leakable inner tubes. And one thing he knows how to invent best of all is a lot of trouble. This particular patent of his is closely connected with another good man, Raymond De Witt, described as "a wealthy shoe manufacturer" of Worcester, Mass. Now it seems that shoe man De Witt's little wifie, excessively bored-as well she might be-with the social divertissements of Worcester, took it upon herself to maintain a very cute apartment in New York, at 471 Park avenue. Here enters Inventor Arlington Moore (said by the way to be some relation of Olive Tell and Owen Moore) who develops a great weakness for taking Mrs. De Witt a-riding in his snappy Packard. They cruised about a whole lot, but the particular trip that interested the old Farley sleuths (see our Foreword) was the cold and blustery night that "Arly" pushed his old boiler in the direction of Stamford, Ct. One of the wall decorations in the Farley offices is a beautiful photo-engraving of the register of the Hotel Davenport in Stamford, showing the autograph, "A. Moore and wife". Ah, but you exclaim, "But how does anyone know who the lady was?" That's easy. A photograph of Mrs. De Witt passed round among the employees of the Davenport Hotel was unanimously identified as that of the doll who put her cold feet on little "Arly's" back on the direful night in question. RESULT: Blue prints served on Mrs. De Witt, on behalf of hubby De Witt, for an absolute divorce. Understand that legal lights Walter & Wolff, of 120 Broadway, are attending to the obsequies.

PASSING ON TO THE NEXT CAGE,

ladies and gentlemen, please meet Mr. Murray, said to be Gymnasium Instructor, Yale Club, N. Y. Murray's tastes are rather simple, it seems, for he has a furnished room at 238 East 69, but his tastes in dress goods are rather ample, for he loved—and far too well—the colossal bunch of femininity called Mrs. Rose

Soffel, hailing from Corona, L. I. whose vertical measurement is 6 feet, 2 inches. Rosie's hubby has a chain of grocery stores, it seems, and strangely enough Rosie herself is said to carry a police badge, relating to the Save a Girl Society, or something like it. It was therefore rather paradoxical on the part of Rosie when she was found, far away from pantry supplies and the homeless gels, on the morning of May 3d at 11:30—how wonderful to be so exact!—having a sweet little tete-a-tete in the Murray furnished room, 238 East 69, which we flashed on the screen at the start of the picture. Business of loud rapping!

Hubby, the Grocer, is along, an ex-pug by the way, and with his horny fists he batters in the door. Stalking through the wreckage, is revealed by the old Farley wife-hounds the Amazonian Rosie with unbuttoned skoit, corsets draped over the Ludwig Baumans, and a cigarette in her fingers, rocking herself comfily on one of the chairs, while the perfidious Murray—who had made what is known in sleuth circles as a "fireman's hitch"—had covered his athletic person with a pair of trousers, defiantly retorting, "You didn't see anything!" Too late, Murray boy—they've pinned the roses on you......Counselor, the old blue prints, and hurry up about it, we're starving......Silverman & Tolins, Attys. 99 Nassau.

JOHNNY, TURN THE CRANK AGAIN,

and let's whip up the Dunlaps for Forty-seventh street, Manhattan, coming to a halt before that hostelry of many aliases, the once "King Edward" hotel. Next, the "New Victoria;" then when the night visiting-list became too strenuous for the cops, and in a burst of patriotic purity, "The Argonne." (Jimmie Thornton used to live there and called it the "Far Gone"!) Well, boys, it's now monickered the "America Hotel," a revival of the landmark of the same name that stood at Irving Place and 15th street, for years the home of our chile concarne tourists...Very well, now we've parked the old boiler in front, allow us to introduce to you Signor Ivan Christy, a week or two ago playing in Keith's Newark. The hour, alas, is 6 a. m. but don't get sleepy for there's dirty work to be done. Ivan has been trailed here, mates, and once more the old Farley sleuths are doing some "suspectin" -will they never stop it? Ivan had been "tagged" by wifey for certain weakness incompatible with marital felicity, and we are here to see what's what. The sleuths had "picked him up" earlier in the night at Newark, shadowing him to Charlie's Chop House on 50th street where he ate some of the provender the "Three Mothers" have made famous, accompanied by another actor and two wrens. Later, the "friend" couple had left him, and he had entered the America Hotel with the other peppy little armful. Our sleuths ask for the register, to find that Ivan the Terrible occupies cell No. 4. A phony phone to the cell gets no reply, so it's taken for granted that Ivan is doing a little somnambulism on his own account. By a skilful process of elimination what sounds like his voice is heard in cell No. 511, a dungeon in which are registered one Blanche Mower (said to have played Colonial recently) and her partner. Ivan's wifie is brought up from lobby to help identify his voice. A loud laugh. "That's him" says she. Biff, bang!-in go the sleuths. The Terrible Ivan is found draped crosswise on the bed, only a shirt and trousers to protect him from the chilly night air, while cutie Blanche is just coming from the bathroom, attired in her eyelashes and a kimono. "You've been four years trying to get me" bawled Ivan the Terrible at wifey......Boys, you must be some sleepy by this time.....See the dawn in yonder window.....Blue prints from those sturdy litigationists, Silverman & Tolins, 99 Nassau.

Some orchestra leaders are born to hard luck; others have it thrust upon them. There's that boy Harry Solloway. First at Cafe de Paris..... Exit! Next, Club Maurice....... Exit! Next, Reisenweber's Paradise Room....Not yet, but maybe soon!

More sobs! What happened to Irene Tams' P. A., the two maids and the chauffeur?

When the ozone was handed out who set it loose—was it Bee P—or Kenneth H? Was it to have been a regular quartette blow-up with Al and Flo as chief mourners?

Tracing Slang to Matthew Arnold
In his essay on "The Study of the
Celtic Languages" he writes: "I perceive I shall be accused of having
the air....."

Who is the rich candy manufacturer's son who has "angelled" a certain little gal onto the screen—and is it true that she has so far played several leading roles in mob scenes?

Why should anyone fear old age when Maurice Costello is playing a part in the rehabilitated "Determination"?

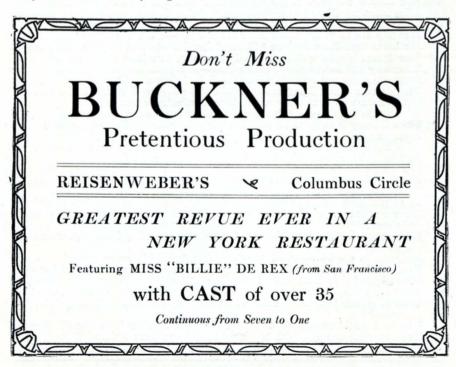
What did "Florence" mean when she wrote Dicky Mahon in a letter, confiscated by friend wifie, that what she wanted was "incentive"?

THE DOCTORS REPORT AN ALARMING INCREASE IN INSOMNIA, YET NO ONE SEEMS TO BE DOING ANYTHING TO SOUND-PROOF THE WALLS IN THE BRIDAL SUITES.

Why will a simp chorine go out with a live wire one night and then pal with a cake eater the next rather than stay home for an evening?

Isn't Harvey Sickler one of our best dancers and most popular men at the Plaza, Ritz and Ambassador?

Why do the men who matter have so little to do with the stage girl nowadays and stick to the young women of their own sets?



RHYMES OF A BROADWAY BUM

Into my window comes creeping, the warm budding softness of May Half the day's gone while I'm sleeping, a Heaven-sent gift, thrown away! My mouth has the taste of hot copper—my hand's all a'shake as I try—To pull out the monogrammed stopper from the cut-glass decanter of Rye Last night! Now, where was I?—I wonder—I dined at the X. Y. Z.—yes! And the Scotch that I had there was bad stuff. That started me off wrong I

Right near me, sat Kathryn Perry, she's getting a bit loud these days It must be from Moore, she's absorbing the roughness of "Picture crowd"

ways

I wonder if anyone's noticed the change in a sweet girl, who takes— That trip to the "Coast" for the pictures? Good Lord, what a difference it makes

Last night we all had quite a "session" but lately the town's getting slow

It must be the business depression which dims the bright lights' festive

I see by the papers, however, that A. H. denies the report— That he is to marry our Peggy as soon as their cases reach court I'll have to write down all the scandal, my memory's getting so bad My pen is not easy to handle, it "jazzes" all over the pad

I guess you all know Leone Morgan who's now Mrs. Lionel Stahls Well, she's up at Alston's, expecting the stork to make one of his calls A fine house, has Miss Helen Rupping, up East Sixty-Seventh Street way 'Twas nice of my friend, Billy Baxter, he did the thing handsome, I'll say The Vanderbilt name is an old one but nobody cares such a lot.

The question of names is a cold one, it's the question of Money that's hot I certainly envy these ladies with beautiful houses to show

The one that dear D—— had all winter proves she's a French star far from slow

And now, Gertie Vanderbilt has one, I really can't say any more But Charlie Purcell's in the "Right Girl" and Bill Fallon practices law Miss Dorothy Clark has a "Marmon." Jules G. put the dough up, they say He stole her and so there's no harm in the way that she's making him pay Her trip out to "Chi" was a facer for Seeman-I'll bet if he's proud He hates that Park Avenue "Chaser" for Chaplin and all that weird crowd The Plaza, is where Billie Allen is stopping, She likes it there too They say she's divorcing her husband-I happen to know that's not true Searle Barclay and Miss Nita Nalda—I don't know a darn thing, I'm sure-There's talk about London and Paris. The liquor, I guess, is the lure Dal Wilson was in town to visit his pal again, only last week Who is the lady?-you ask me-Miss Halligan, your turn to speak Faire Binney is soon to be married, the bridegroom will be a surprise If anyone tells you he knows him, you tell him for me that he lies Miss Betty Marshall has broken the pledge that she took, not to drink And so, she received as a token, a badly cut finger, I think She says Charlie King's at the bottom of all of the trouble she's had But Charlie told me that she's "got 'em." If it wasn't a joke 'twould be sad Dave may be a "wolf" down in Wall Street, but Mr. Lamar, I opine Is only a lamb when he faces a man, here's looking at you, Pat Kyne! Here are some questions to answer:-Which girl on the "Roof" needs a shave?

Who cared for the late Vernon Castle, and placed a fresh wreath on his grave?

And who is the bow-legged Spaniard, Bee Savage is crazy about? From what song did Irving Berlin steal the one that he's now getting out? Who phoned Leo Best, and his cronies, and called them by every name And made them come 'round at five-thirty, and started a poker game? Who trimmed Billy Archbold for thousands, and how did he get in that mess?

I know I could answer these questions, but I'd rather have you all guess. The man just came in with my breakfast, I can't eat a thing, I don't think. The food just goes right to my stomach, Thank Heaven, I still have a drink!

We hear that Howard Strong, one of the best-known and most successful operatives in his line, has moved his private Detective Bureau to 26 Cortlandt street. Howard's slogan is "quick results."

That was rather lachrymose, if you get what we mean, about Ina Claire mooching out from under the Belasco banner, which has waved above such a great success for her as "The Gold Diggers." The ill wind has blown Gertie Vanderbilt into the job, which will be a blow to that eminently gifted actress, Lil Tashman, who helps hold up some of the scenic apparatii.

Misfortunes never come singly. Pretty Peggy La Bree, who was offered a place in the new "Follies," fell ill of a bad cold on the first day of rehearsal. A few days later she was picked for another important Broadway show. Then she suddenly developed pneumonia, from which she is now, happily, recovering. But, cheero, Peggy has been approached for another new show which she hopes will rehearse about the time she expects to be perfectly well again.

Did you know that Harry Pilcer, of "Gaby" notoriety, had a brother? He has. Joe Pilcer, "wealthy exporter" (did he put Harry in one of the shipments?) 29 Broadway. Joe's a live wire, for he hopped back from Paris last summer on receiving intimations that his rain and shine, Mildred, was developing melodious tendencies, to wit, was frequenting the company of Joe Mittenthal (she stuck to the "Joes") who is a dispenser of popular songs at 224 West 46. Hubby Joe got a separation agreement, and recently Mildred has countered with a suit for legal separation, alleging abandonment. Joey counters again with a neat lil suit against the jazz "Joe" for \$100,000 for alienation of affections. So there you are.

We are pleased to see that our good and most entertaining friend, Mayer Shoenfeld, has had his executive abilities recognized by nomination for Labor Director by the United Clothing Manufacturers Association. They have picked a man of great power of insight, incisive speech and personal authority.

Q — "Where is 'Philadelphia' Jack O'Brien, the Only and Original?"

"Where he's running the most
famous and best equipped 'Gym'
in the world at Madison Square
Garden, patronized by the Elite
of New York City."

- ¶ The "Only and Original" won the Middle and Lightheavyweight Championship of the World, and is TO-DAY still a Champion—the Health Expert for the Tired Business Man.
- ¶ "Jack" is very busy at the Garden, and has no time for coffee and cake.
- ¶ Write him at the Garden "Gym" to mail you his interesting booklets.



Beulah McFarland
The Bride in "Two Little Girls in Blue"
at Cohan Theatre. Beulah's clever.

Broadway

Policemen with their rain-caps, look-

ing like the priests in Aida.

The theatre-crowd yaps still yapping at the electric signs and the griddle-cake jugglers in ole Mother Childs.

The dames lined up in Liggett's drug-store "waiting" for someone.

Chauncey Depew, just turned 87, crossing Times Square with swinging stride.

The embattled sons and daughters of Abraham blocking the sidewalk in front of Lorber's.

Why Doesn't Someone Teach Old Doc Crane

the usage on verbs plural and singular? Get this from one of his recent slobbers in the *Globe*: "What we need most is Good Desires."

If you want a hearty laugh read Martha Mansfield's article in the "Movie Weekly" in which she refers to Addison, Shakespeare, the Duke of Wellington and other immortals!!! We can only say that the guy who wrote it for her is taking awful chances, for someone might accidentally and inoffensively ask Martha about said immortals. We'll take a 1,000 yen bet that if you quizzed her about Emerson she'd say he had a shoe store on Broadway.

BUCKNER'S REVUE OPENS AT REISENWEBER'S

Gala Event Resembles a Broadway First Night

The "doings" at Reisenweber's Crystal Room on the evening of the 10th, when Buckner's new revue, with a cast of thirty-five, opened, brought back memories of great restaurant shows of the good old days. Personally hating dancing, as we do, such entertainment is for us a godsend. We find it hard to recall any restaurant production that could rival this one of Mr. Buckner's, which has pretty girls in dozens, lively music, star turns by former vode and legit headliners, and gowns done in costumer Howard's happiest style. Where all is on such a brilliant plane, it is hard to particularize. The "event," however, is Mr. Buckner's "find" from Frisco, Miss "Billie" De Rex, who heads the revue, and sings and dances sensationally. Another Gilda Gray seems to have arisen in Yvette Quinn, with "Home Again Blues," who could have had many recalls. You get the musical grand manner from prima donna Esther Irwin Wood, singing "Lilac Time" in a gown half as beautiful as her voice. Other excellent specialties are the "Death-Defying" Morton Boys, Mossman & Vance, soft shoe dancers, Betty Hale, soubrette stepper, LaDeaux & Macchia, in a thrilling Apache number, Julia Sheideker, ingenue role, Helen De Vere, Russian dancer, and "sixteen-year-old Coleen Bawn," formerly of year-old Coleen Bawn," formerly of Greenwich Village Follies. Charles Craft, juvenile soloist, has voice and looks of distinction... The production was staged and produced by Ray Perex and "Billie" De Rex, assisted by "Jimmie" Brown, musical generalissimo... As host and hostess, Mr. Buckner "presented" Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Carlin, recently of St. Francis Hotel, Frisco, assisted by "Tomie" Thompson and "Billie" Wells.... This is Mr. Buckner's first step in theatrical activity since his return to New York, but he is already negotiating for five other revues already negotiating for five other revues equally pretentious, as well as two "legit" productions for Broadway. We sincerely congratulate him on his wonderful accomplishment at Reisenwebers, which ought to be the talk of the season. Let us not forget to pay tribute to the enthusiasm, untiring labors and charming courtesy of his press-woman, Miss Ruth Palmer, so popular with everyone, inside and outside the show. This is the Beauty Ensemble Directory: Evelyn Pritchard, Margaret Keating, Kay Yeoman, Mabel Benelisha,

Eva Weeks, Gladys Tilford, Jean Livingston, Billie Brandon, Marie Merritt, Buddie Hellman, Marcia Mack, Florence Dillon, Rose LaRoy, Gladys Stockton, Edna Robbins, Edith Oakley, Violet Bristow, Olive Ward, and Loretta Goodwin.

"Howard" Did It

We learn that the famous Buckner revue at Reisenweber's Crystal Room was outfitted by Charles Howard, costumer, 147 West 44th street, who produced also the gowns for "Chu Chin Chow." The charming dress creations of the Buckner show speak loudly of Mr. Howard's originality.

'Mong Those Present

Among those "orbed" at the Buckner revue opening at Reisenweber's on the tenth were Walter Kaffenburg, of Maxim's, Roscoe Ails, Pat Rooney, Harry Bestry, Johnnie Newmark, Adv. Mgr. Dramatic Mirror, Leo Marsh, of the Morning Telegraph, Sammie Abrams, publicity expert, "Brownie" of the Motion Picture News, Charles Howard, costumer, Miss Swartz, his popular manageress, Frankie Farnum, Tonny Meighan—but why continue; "they all were there!"

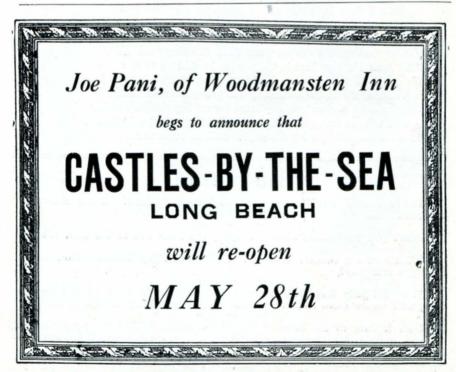
The Fatigued Business Man can now get rid of his tired feeling. Let him betake himself to Reisenweber's and see the Buckner revue in the Crystal Room. That bunch of lovely chorines will drive the blues away.

All Aboard for "Castle's-By-The-Sea!"

On the 28th inst. Long Beach will again go on the map, for that date marks the reopening of Joe Pani's "Castles-by-the-Sea." Long Beach in summertime and Castle's are synonymous, meaning the most delightful seaside enjoyment within easy reach of Broadway. Everyone knows the irreproachable standards of comfort and cuisine maintained at Castle's—and will eagerly wait for the 28th.

About "Billie" De Rex

Although so young, it is said that "Billie" De Rex, starred in the Buckner revue, has been on the stage since leaving school. But this is the first time she has worked "single" in her pantomime, eccentric steps and piquant drolleries, plus her most engaging vocal arts. Mr. Buckner considers that her rise to fame will be swift.



MORE RHYMES OF A BROADWAY BUM

East side, West side, and all around the town-Ev'rything but taxi clocks seems to be coming down Last week old BEEFSTEAK JERRY fished out his bill of fare And lopped a nickel off the dogs, a dime from off the hare Old Jimmie Stillman's pounding hard, but can not understand Why music is so hard to get out of a Baby Grand Bee Palmer's back upon the Roof and going with elan We wonder if she really will to Albert tie the can They say that little June Caprice, if we can beg your pard Has for a whole long year been hitched to Hen-ery Millarde Kay Laurell will sail away, as we to press do jog. All details being settled on the funeral of her dog The phony "Philly Jack O'Brien" at last is run to cover If he is wise he will at once hop home to see his muvver The Only and Original "Jack"-whose feelings have been jarred on Conducts a celebrated "gym" at Madison Square Garden Oh, what a laugh, my merry men, was that at Equity Show Held in the good old Metro a week or two ago When Lily Russell, with about five hubbies on her slate Marched proudly in the Pageant with good old Hen the Eight They say that Roscoe Ails, fatigued, off to the mountains went God knows old Mother Tanguay'd tire out any regiment The Broadwayites are thanking heav'n there's much less to endure They haven't heard for seven days of any new Loew "tour" La belle Espejo beats the suit brought by her little hub Old Monty Fleish breathes easier-he might have been the dub Yes, Dorothy Jardon always said that she was Irish-really But why on your cigar coupons does she sing "Eli, Eli"? Nick Arnstein says that in the movies he will go at last He ought to be a winner, for his "moves" have oft been fast A Volstead sleuth the other day did prove his zeal unerring He pinched a harlem grocery store for selling pickled herring But what's the use, you're tired pink with spiels about these blokes So we'll run out and introduce Jim Stiil to Papa Stokes

DO TELL!

Didn't Leo Gimble have a good time on the Coast? Three cheers for the good time.

Don't you think Al. Bedell is keeping the track hot to 200 west 57?

What's all the shootin' for? Keith Flynn and Jay Barnes. How do the boys get that way?

Why did Roy Raymond decide not to appear in vode when sweet accompanist Grace Doro couldn't see it? Why the sudding change of mind?

Isn't it cute to see director Carter de Haven hiding the young screen aspirant dolls under trunks and behind packing cases when the signals go up that wifie is approaching?



WHAT THE HOOFERS MAY LOOK LIKE IN 1931

Illustrating the destiny of the Dancing Nuts, through Elephantiasis of Legs and Feet with resultant Shrinkage of the Head Piece. Cerebration at that date will probably be extinct.

LISTENING IN ON BROADWAY

"Whenever you shake hands with that guy, you're out money."

"Gert, did you see 'The Four Horsemen and Their Pocketbooks'?"

"Just as I slipped the flask in my hip I'll be darned if"----

"Let's be respectable tonight, for a change."

"Say, the only Old Taylor I've seen for a year is the guy that presses my trousers."

"So you live on 95th street. Do you ever come to New York?"

"I could be happy in jail, kid, if the keeper were young and ambitious."

"Oh, so you've spilled it all over your clothes at last, May."

"That guy's a sawdust drunkard."

"I may have rotten morals but I can write a good check."

"So you're going to call me down in a public place, eh?"

"The wages of sin is an apartment on the Drive."

"It's goin' to be a sleeper jump—from the first chorus to the second."

"That guy is so mean he'd yank the pearls out of an oyster and then send the order back."

"Remember I'm not like other guys-I RESPECT you."

"Can't you be decent, Jack, just for one evening?"

"So I'm not worth a little \$30.00 taxi-fare?"

"You've got to wear armor to go in a taxi with him."

"That's enough of your conversation-money for one night."

"Sure, I've heard of Macbeth-that's the egg that makes the lamp chimneys."

"They say Gert's taken it in her head to make money."

"That bimbo's so dumb he'd start talking electricity in a home where they'd had an electrocution."

"When our landlady's cat died we dodged the hash for a week."

"That lil gal would play a great role in "She Stoops to Conquer."

"C'mon in, kiddo, and let's put on the old feed bag."

"He's so damn rough you'd think he had you on an Albany night boat."

"When Joe gets three drinks you've got to put a diver's suit on him."

"Speakin' of heavy dough-did you ever eat at Childs?"

"He's got more kale than Eva Tanguay had wrinkles."

"MAKE BELIEVE"

That famous melody, now on

VICTOR RECORDS (Paul Whiteman's Band)

C COLUMBIA RECORDS (Waldorf-Astoria Band with Nora Bayes)

BRUNSWICK RECORDS (Victor Jones Orchestra)

Also on O. R. S. ROLLS

O======0

Yes, JACK SHILKRET wrote it!

He's Pianist SHERBO'S LITTLE CLUB ORCHESTRA

PUTTING THE VOLTS IN VOLSTEAD

You've no idea how hard they're slamming down the kelly on old friend Hootch. Just to prove that the merry little revenouers are sticking close to the job we give a few instances:

Guy on West 47 pulled in when overheard asking a friend "how many swallows make a summer?"

Boston bull in Yonkers dragged off to the pound for taking a nip at a pedestrian's coat-tails.

Dramatic Editor of evening paper held in bail because it was found he had all winter been "carrying stuff on the Hip."

Friend carted off to the station when overheard remarking he was "going to send for his old tailor."

Glee Club in Port Chester fined ten berries apiece for singing "Comin' thro' the Rye.

Attorney held for Grand Jury on being overheard stating that he had just got "one of the finest cases in the city."

Broadway candy-shop warned for keeping a sign up reading: "Take a package home with you."

New Yorkers with names ending in "stein" and "wein" notified of the desirability of changing their monickers.

Flatbush lady grabbed on entering her home, after having exclaimed to

a friend: "This looks like SOME wet night!"
Publishers ordered to delete in all future editions of Kipling the line reading, "You can have your gin and beer."

Printers forbidden to put large "heads" on future display matter.

Bakery has license cancelled on account of sign in window: "Get your buns here.'

Gus Schult's BEN-HUR City Island, N. Y.

Cuisine International

On Wednesday evening, May Twenty-fifth, the Formal Season's Opening will take place of the Ben-Hur, a most beautifully appointed all-year-round resort at City Island, New York, and I will appreciate the presence of yourself and your friends on the occasion.

It will be a particularly festive evening with music, dancing, impromptu entertainment, prize contests, etc.

A Lucky Number Dance Contest will take place. Three beautiful live bull puppies will be awarded as first, second, and third prizes. These lucky number dance contests will be continued each Thursday evening thereafter, when live prize puppies and other valuable prizes will be awarded.

A Special Supper at Three Dollars will be served—if desired. Will you kindly let me know whether I may anticipate the pleasure of welcoming you.

With thanks for your friendship and support in my endeavors, I am,

Always at your service,

GUS SCHULT

Phone City Island 1125



JOHNNY DOOLEY, Jr.—Baby son of a celebrated daddy. Johnny, Jr., is already showing a tendency to comic falls and other stunts such as have made his pop a laugh-maker unrivalled. | Bet Johnny, Jr., will be at the KNICKER-BOCKER in 1935!!

'Tis but a few weeks since, that little Irene Tams' motion picture "Company" on the Coast oozed off to help in pushing up the daisies. Now comes another low, rumbling sound, and odors of smoking gelatine, traced back to "Bullseve Producing Corporation," which had back of it no less a Post Office Inspectors' celebrity than lil Texie Guinan. We needn't introduce Texie to you, for you remember well when the daily prints carried those big double-column ads on her Anti-Fat remedy, which got along famously until the P. O. Dept. discovered the only thing Texie was reducing was bank-accounts.....Well, to mooch back to our story, 'tis said that "Bullseye" didn't get a "hit" at all, and has suddenly curled up for a long snooze. With Texie's present age and weight it's going to be some job to dope out the next move.

IOHNNY DOOLEY

(By Roy K. Moulton in Evg. Mail)

Who entertains us blithely when we're much in need of cheer,

By dancing on his shoulder blades and falling on his ear?

Who shakes the shim with grace and vim and whirls upon his nose

And makes us roar until we're sore, well, whom do you suppose? Why, Johnny Dooley,

Young Johnny Dooley,

Who does the things that no one else can do.

'Tis Johnny Dooley, Thin Mr. Dooley.

'Tis Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

Who swats Dull Care and Gloom for fair and in 'em puts a crimp,

By hopping on disjointed legs, and does the Lizard Limp?

Who gladly sings of silly things and makes us howl with joy? And whom do we all go to see but

Broadway's famous boy-

Young Johnny Dooley, Yes, Johnny Dooley, Who gets a thousand bucks a week, or two.

'Tis Johnny Dooley, Oh, Happy Dooley,

'Tis Dooley-ooley-ooley-oo.

WORTZMAN, Inc. HAVE BIG SURPRISES FOR YOU for the early Autumn. One will be a "Fashion Show" on the United Booking in which Miss Catherine Crawford will star, entitled "Fashions of Tomorrow," opening likely in August. Also, a full scene in an elaborate new production to burst upon Broadway in July, will be dressed from the fam-ous WORTZMAN headquarters. As we have said before, the sensational wide note of the progress and WORTZMAN creations only goes to prove what absolute distinctiveness in tailoring can accomplish. We understand that WORTZMAN, Inc. is now showing summer modes of the most unusual character. Many of the stage stars are wearing to mountain and seashore the attractive modes of this house-and you can depend upon it, are being amply rewarded in the comment passed on all sides-"There's a Wortzman!"

Everyone is familiar with the temperamental traits of Jack Norworth, especially since he played in dear old Lunnon, whence he returned with nothing that attracted our attention particularly except three or four su-perfluous inches on his "evening" trousers. Jack was not long ago playing in the west. At Dubuque the size of the house didn't please him a bit. His act has business of lighting a cigarette from a box of matches on a table. One evening he struck two or three times, but the match refused to ignite. Whereupon he commented sotto voice: "Even the matches are cheap!" This is the kind of stuff that is sure to endear you to audiences and managers-use it, and nothing can stop you-going!

Remember, You Live in a "Glass" House, Bennie!

Two or three months ago BREVITIES carried a little question reading as follows: "What was the cause of the suden exit of the lady from the bathroom of Ben Ali H—— at Del's, and was it

B. G. that did the chasin'?" On real "inside" stuff BREVITIES invariably gets there first, and further developments in the domestic zoo of Ben Ali H. only serve to confirm the authenticity of the bath-room item. We hear that Ben's bifurcated amour came to a thrilling climax right out in public at Del's not long since, hair-pulling and wordy battle with friend wifie being the outstanding characteristics. The scene might fitly be reproduced in one of Ben's "tableaux," as far more thrilling than a Marie Antoinette execution. Anyway the whole thing proves that those who live in Glass houses ought to have thick blinds.

Where's ADELE? Why, in Paris—we told you all about the little milliner's trip in the last issue. She will be back to ADELE HATS, 160 West 45, shortly after you read this, and you want to make an early call for she intends to bring over the most stunning styles of the French capital. There's going to be some doings around 160 West 45 when Adele blows in from that Paris excursion.



WANTED-A Lyric!

- The Melody of "Venetian Smiles," a wonderful new Fox-Trot by Billy Baskette, is on page opposite. BREVI-TIES wants a *Lyric* for it.
- The prize for the best lyric submitted will be ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS in cash and a contract for one-third of all royalties on the melody.
- Here is your chance, Mr. Lyric Writer, to collaborate with one of America's foremost composers. Baskette has written such sensational hits as "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France!" "Jerry," "Hawaiian Butterfly," "Ev'rybody Wants the Key to My Cellar," etc., etc. He's a wonder!
- And Leo Feist has accepted the melody and will publish it when the Prize Lyric has been decided upon. Phil Kornheiser, Director General of Feist, proclaims "Venetian Smiles" one of the hits of three seasons!
- Contest will cover the present (May) and the June and July issues of BREVITIES, after which the winner will be announced.
- Send all MSS. to BREVITIES, 1400 Broadway.

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(Further details of Contest furnished on request)

Venetian Smiles



STELLA, THE STALLER

A Typical, Tearsome Tale of the Old Rye Way

Being a Brief but Instructive Obituary, showing how lots of Good Men fall for the Wily Salamander,—And will Do it right over again.—Gluttons for Punishment being born Exceedingly often.

He grabbed her in front of a Nut Sundae at Liggett's.

By getting a Pineapple Frappe, and then asking her if she'd care to have his spoon he smiled himself in. This "opener" had whiskers on it but you know, boys!

After he planted her in a midnight hoofing foundry he discovered, with great pleasure, that she's break her promise to her mama and have "just

By four a. m. her promise to her mother had been kicked in the pants

over fifteen times.

He was a patient worker—the kind that never rushes little birdie, but just oozes along on the high and lofty for an awful final wallop.

Funny, she didn't show a single laceration from the savage old liquor

he was dishing.

He eased her home on a rattler that tipped the clock at eleven bucks when she disembarked. It wasn't far from Sing Sing.

When he asked for a lil good-night kiss passing Dobb's Ferry she said:

"Naughty boy-you must wait till we know each other better."

After that any gink that was hep would have crossed himself three times and asked God to deaden that part of his brain that had Westchester on it.

Instead, he was burning like one of the torches in Macbeth. He was ready to go right to it-it would all come out in the wash.

Next evening he bought her a twenty dollar show, half a cow and several gallons of "Grandad." The ginger ale alone came to twelve dollars.

He was now in the rear about one hundred emerald sailors, but going

as strong as a chorus girl at Castle's at dinner-time.

He found she was crazy to go on the stage. So he got her picture in nine or eleven of the weekly dramatic spasms where he knew the advertising carpenters.

In the intervals of the write-up stuff jot off about twenty evenings of jaz, 90 gallons of bichloride of alcohol, two dozen pairs of calve-protectors, five hats, an evening gown (so she could take in a movie ball) a gold meshbag-and one afternoon they breezed in and priced a gasoline truck.

Up to now the sweet woman hadn't loosened a kiss, not to speak of the hugs and other interesting etceteras that make work for the private de-

tective agencies.

He told a couple of cafe managers: "Whenever little cutie comes in, give

her what she wants-I'm good for it."

Hurrah! He gets a kiss on the cheek. That was the night she dashed in the near-marble entrance of her \$35.00 per apartment house, using the following amorous farewell: "Willy, you're just terrible, you are."

Total to date punched in the old Pacific at 49: \$1465.72.

Even the Prince of Goofs gets fussy after a while.

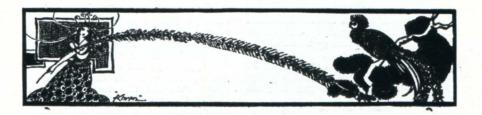
So, as even the original come-and-roll-me kid would have done, our hero sought a show-down.

Twas in the same midnight foundry whence he'd whisked the dame from

the Liggett nut sundae.

"Stella, dear," he cackled over the chicory, "you're not going home tonight, are

you, sweetings?"
"WHY, YOU LOW, INSULTIN' BRUTE," SHE REPLIED. "WHADDVF TAKE ME FER? AREYA KIDDIN? DEYYA THINK YOUR OLD HATS AND DINNERS CAN BUY ME WHEN I HAVE MY OWN JIMMIE THAT LOVES ME. I WOULDN'T GIVE HIM FOR A HUNDRED OLD GINKS LIKE YOU. IF JIMMIE HEARD WHATYA SAID TO ME JUST NOW HE'D KNOCKYA DEAD."



Personalities and Piffle

Those who have watched the progress of Rubye de Remer to her position of screen star and priestess of blonde-beautydom, have heard with alarm the rumor that all is not well with her health. It has been whispered on Broadway that Miss De Remer for some time has been threatened with tubercular trouble, now causing grave alarm.

Jimmie La Rocca, leader of Original Dixieland Jazz Band, must be interested in animal research, for he took his noted harmony-creators out to Central Park Zoo the other afternoon and played for the cages. Music has charms to soothe the savage beast, but Jimmie's intoxicating bars proved only a harsh cacophony to the Zoo tenants, for he couldn't get them interested in even a two-step. The trip aimed at an experiment as to the influence of music on beasts and birds. But Jimmie ought to reflect what a slim chance his "Dixielanders" had when Signor Caruso was unable on a memorable occasion to get a "hand" from the monkeys!

Horrors of a Month

Dorothy Dix's picture.

Dave Griffith's curtain calls a la
Belasco.

Why Do We Waste This Space?— Tell Us!

They say Hope Hampton is pulling the old Plaza stuff. One day at the studio she was offered some ice-cream, probably to cool off her temperament a little. Pushing it away, she exclaimed that she was "not used to partaking of dishes popular among the laboring class." (Incidentally, is it true Hope once waited on tables in Philly?) Tennyson was some bird at dopin' it out ahead when he wrote that line about "moanin' at the bar."

Wasn't that badly out of gear for Ethel Levy to spring that German ditty at the N. V. A. the other Sunday night?

Hunching from the testimony given by the doll who applied to him for a job in "Determination," this boy, Harry Webster, looks like one of our livest little movie directors. Harry ought to be elected President of the Associated Ankle Inspectors or else hang out his shingle as an Anatomical Specialist.

How would you feel if, after neglecting and deceiving your wife, and then to cap the climax loaning her last two hundred dollars for an alleged "trip out of town on business." someone put her wise that you hadn't gone at all but were seen lunching doils on Broadway? And then you got a phone that she had swallowed enough wood alcohol and sleeping tablets to kill a half dozen persons? This was the retribution visited on a well-known song-writer a few weeks agocould death have any bitterness equal to that?

Fortunes in Oysters!

That's an old saying, referring to the "poils" this revered bivalve sometimes erupts. Well, it looks as though there are fortunes in four-legged oysters, as witness the pretty little cut-out bumped on flapper Mrs. George Oyster, when her old bivalve, aged 72, made his last squirt in Atlantic City recently, worth several millions, and left little Mrs. Sea Food only a measly \$25,000. Mrs. George

tips the scale at 26, so you can see hubby had a whole lot thicker shell than she had imagined. Personally we think she's getting a hellofalot more than she deserves. Any flapper that will marry an old wreck of 72 is certainly doing it with malice afore-thought—and ought to get it good and plenty where it hurts.

Two months ago we carried the exclusive story of Peggy Schram's Psycopathic commitment to the Ward at Bellevue and later to the Manhattan State Hospital. Peggy had been a popular show-girl with George White's "Scandals" and later with "My Golden Girl" at the Norah Bayes. It was thought that some unlucky investment had affected her mind. any rate Peggy will suffer no more, for the poor girl died two or three weeks ago, the body being sent for burial to Los Angeles, where her parents reside.

Fannie Brice will name her newborn after Lawyer Fallon. What a delicious bit of sentiment!

Mrs. Anita Murray sues hubby John W. Murray because he insisted on eliminating twin-beds during their honeymoon. There's something that ought to be peered into by the psychiatrists. It also looks like an underhand blow at Ludwig Bauman.

You won't credit it — but there's actually a movement on foot for another national holiday! Next year, April 27, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Ulysses S. Grant. Conspirator is Mrs. Laura B. Prisk.

Four judgments against a "Prince" for a low, sordid taxi bill. Said respondent being "Prince" Nicholas Engalitcheff, living at the Waldorf. That guy must be eating at Drake's about now.

Bob-tailed typists with come-hither orbs take notice! Another "stenographer" gets the TO LET sign tacked on her. Mrs. Charlotte J. Harbst evidently thought Anna LaVelle, the key-thumper concerned, was more dictating than dictated to as regards hubby Anton Harbst, so ups doth she and sue lil Anna for the neat and tidy sum of \$100.00 for alienation of affections.

How would you like someone to steal your false teeth and then coolly accuse you of swallering 'em? Julia Brown, who hangs out at 436 West 36th street alleges that that's what Johnny Mayorowitz went and did on the occasion of a night she spent with the Mayorowitz outfit at 139 Pitt street. Mrs. Brown put the articulators in a glass of Volstead when she went bye-lows-and on awakening in the morning the durn dental apparatii were gone! The cold and unfeeling Johnny told the Judge that Mrs. Brown must have swallowed them..... More work for the Waterbury Parlors!

Here's nice, enthusing news, for those of you fellers, that use a lot of stationery! The American Writing Paper Company expects that its financial report for 1920 will show "a remarkable increase in earnings." Some persons go so far as to predict that the earnings would be "equivalent to \$15.00 a share on the preferred, compared to \$3.45 in 1919." Isn't that sweet? You can form some idea from it of the pillage, robbery and assault you have suffered at the hands of the paper manufacturers during the period of profiteering, not yet at an end. This paper on which BREVITIES is printed costs even now, in large lots, 16c. per pound. A year ago it cost 25c. Ten years ago it could be bought at any peanut stand for 9c. Yet, did you notice that any of the paper robbers ever went to jail?

You've got to deliver the luxurious, hand-painted limousine to Bennie Davis, lyric writer and song demonstrator extraordinary. Have you heard his latest melody hit, "I'm Nobody's Baby," featured by Paul Whiteman? We mean, have you heard Bennie sing it? No? Then you've missed a treat, for Bennie has something in his voice and style that puts all rivals in the shade.

LOST OR MISLAID—The "Anna Luther Productions Co.," in which the amiable Anna would have shown that no producer alive can keep a great actress down. Maybe it's just as well, for Anna might have pulled a Lillian Walker. 'Member the time when Lil got the same idea, fixed up a suite "just grand," at 501 on the Avenue,

with real mahog. dasks, plush carpet, secretaries and ever' thin'—Ever' thin' but the CASH—and then went kerflop? BREVITIES was among the bereaved "advertising" mediums.....Couldn't celluloid be put to better use sometimes in making collars?

Forgotten Greatness!

On the occasion of a recent Sunday evening's entertainment at a famous Club near Broadway we all got a delicious laugh. Mr. S—, the announcer of the different star acts, comes out about the middle of the bill and starts: "I now have, ladies and gentlemen, a rare treat for you. You will have the pleasure of seeing one of the most celebrated teams in all vaudeville, a team we all admire and have laughed at so often—let me present the world-known—(but here Mr. S— has to nervously fumble over his program sheet before he finds the names.")

"Bronco Billy" Must Pay the Kitty

In other words, Billy Anderson, whose "Frivolities" we all remember, and his side-kick Larry Weber, must pay over in breach of contract damages the tidy sum of five billion yen (or in American sheckels, \$20,750.18) to Kitty Gordon, in connection with the contract made with her barebacked artiste to star in their moving picture venture in the year of 1916. Kitty put her fist on a contract to make photoplays for the boys to the tune of \$1,250 a week, plus 35% of the profits of each release. But only one spasm in the gelatine ever took place -hence the sad news conveyed by a jury before Justice Ford on the 25th of April.

There's a nice chap—Elliott Simpson. You just can't help liking Elliott a lot. He's opened new brokerage offices at 79 Wall, the boy has.

MARIE MALLARD wears the smile that won't wash off these days. Marie, who runs the famous "Gown Shop" of WORTZMAN & MALLARD, at 25 West 57, a part of the WORTZMAN organization, is so rushed with new orders she can hardly get time off for lunch. If you drop in and see her marvelous productions in gowns and wraps, you'll understand.



In the course of a long conversation with Dr. Theodore Kohler, the noted Chiropractor and Psycho-Analyst, whose portrait is at the head of this column, we obtained a striking reimpression of what his skill and labor in the alleviation of human suffering have accomplished.

We found his offices at 424 West 24th street crowded with patients. The eminent man found time to give us a brief history of what he had done for some of the happy-faced people waiting to see him.

One had tried every conventional drug-media of cure, both here and in Europe, and, attracted by what has been written in BREVITIES of Dr. Kohler's seemingly miraculous acts, gone to him for relief. This happened to be what is known as a "nervous" case, but with Dr. Kohler's all-embracing knowledge of physiological as well as emotional phenomena, it presented few difficulties. After the first "sitting" this sufferer left, a changed person.

Another patient we met in the offices told us he had been "saved from the grave" by Dr. Kohler, after doctoring and drugging for years in a vain effort to relieve his diabetic condition.

It was the same story from all. The same wonder-working of chiropratic and psycho-analysis that in Dr. Kohler's hands never seems to fail..... Might not this man of great inspirational power mean EVERYTHING to YOU!!



IN YOUR FOND EYES (To J —)

H AD I a whole world of sighs
They'd find peace in your fond eyes;
Had I a whole mind of fears
They would vanish in your tears.

Like a shipwrecked man at sea Neither spar nor light can see, Your dear eyes would be the light, Rescuing from storm and night.

Your calm glance is as a spell Making all my sadness well, Making all my joys supreme In its far-bewitching gleam.

Let those eyes to others be Cold and still as a grey sea Let their secrets tell for me What we love so rapt'rously.

-The Swain

"The Garden"-A Requiem

Little or nothing it meaneth to the young jazz-hound Philistines of the vented coats and rouged mouths, but to many of the Old-Timers, the passing of the GARDEN RESTAURANT constitutes a personal tragedy. It symbolizes for them that another link has snapped in the ever-weakening chain connecting the Old Broadway and the New. This is a grief indescribable for the Old-Timer, who, if he belongs in the true order of Old-Timers, justly looks on the New Broadway as a shallow and pitiful counterfeit. The Garden Restaurant was one of the few remaining relics of the Old-Timers chronology. In its palmy days the Garden represented New York's most typical night-life. We recall it when the old Sterling Hotel, and they used to spring the stock wheeze about the guests jumping out the windows. This was the period of 1898-1902, dates figuring in the minds of our sweet young

jazz-hounds as quite close to the Beginning of the World. Then it came in the brilliant hands of Jimmie Thompson, who, with Paul Salvin made it the corner-stone of the restaurant palaces, now under that management. . . . Its "Sterling" days are vivid in our recol-lection. The latticed room was less than half the size of the later GAR-DEN, with a singing quartette dispensing the popular airs of the day. We used to sit and listen to them on gray afternoons, with a Martini on the table, and their good songs ringing clear. Oh, those happy days of the wet or Garden variety, long ere bluenosed fanaticism began its unholy rifling of our joy! . . . In our personal memory what a store of adventurous midnights centre in the GARDEN, now to be a memory. . . . Where, now, you gay girls that laughed and drank till dawn?... Rest thee well, old GARDEN... None of thy fairer sisters will ever know the Magic thou hast taken to the tomb.

Did you get a laugh out of the May Leslie "interview" in the Telegram on the perils of Broadway, in which she avers she was "never annoyed by Johnnies or managers." Why explain?

Has Harold McCormick's great friendship for Mary Garden, anything to do with the financing of the wobbly old Chicago Opera Co?

Wasn't it sad that Mollie King should have been forced by a nasty old court to kick in \$2,863.83 to the Fitzgerald Mfg. Co. to square herself for selling the rights to use of her photo more than once?

Did you ever hear of Abe Attell's famous remark on passing the table one day at which his ex-wife, Ethel, was seated. "Look at her now and when I got her!"

Isn't it sweet to see Roscoe Ails back again with his lil cutie, with the baby stare? Must have some forgivin' disposition, that doll!

Did you ever watch the crowds that stop to look in the beautifully dressed windows of GILMAN, at 1634 Broadway? This noted millinery shop has made window decoration a fine art. Their professional patronage is numberless, attracted to the store by smart novelties in hats, gowns and lingerie, Mme. GILMAN recently having made a specialty of the lastnamed.

Judge McMahon "Hates Spies"

History will indite on her pages many a noble name, but none fitter to be writ in letters of light than the name of Justice McMahon, of Brooklyn. Hear ye all, liberty-loving citizens of America, what the Justice said in court the other day re the Volstead Act.

"THIS ACT WAS BORN IN A MOMENT OF CONFUSION AND FORCED UPON THE PUBLIC....IT BEGETS SPIES AND ROGUES AND ENCOURAGES FRAUD. WHEN A GOVERNMENT HAS TO USE SPIES TO ENFORCE A LAW, THAT LAW WILL NOT LONG DEFY REPEAL."

We Heard this in Wolpin's

"That doll is better known on the Fifth avenue stage than the Broadway stage." No. Frisco didn't say it.

"JUNE LOVE" A BIG HIT

at the Knickerbocker Theatre. Its melodies, its gayety, its settings are such we have seen it five times with renewed delight. In Else Adler, the prima donna, "June Love" has a soprano of the first order. In Johnny Dooley, who can also wear evening dress like a matinee idol, the drollest comic on our stage. Principals all admirable in acting and voice. The complete cast appears on another page

OUR OWN EDISONIAN "QUESTIONNAIRE" I-For the Chorus Lady

- (1) What was the average number of bed-bugs killed per night at the old Bartholdi Inn?
- (2) Give the name of the party who kicked the plaster off the wall in 234, in the old King Edward Hotel.
- (3) Describe the "Flying Wedge" as it functioned in Jack's in the period 1898-1910.
- (4) At what date did Harry Weber give up the ministry preparatory to entering the agency business?
- (5) Who was the celebrated actor who came over in the "Mayflower" with Nora Bayes?
- (6) When were the first patents taken out on (a) hootch (b) bichloride tablets (c) oxide of zinc?
- (7) Give name and address of the first manager who fell for a chorine, and state what he hit when he fell.
- (8) Furnish the name and address of the coryphee who on being told by her "gen'lman fren" he was going to see *Hamlet*, replied: "Why not bring him along with you?"
- (9) Was it in 1864 or 1866 that Eva Tanguay first appeared on the stage?

 (To be continued)



Anyway, 'Twas All Unbeknownst to Oliver!

That was a good laugh about Oliver Morosco's "excess" hootch, on which he paid a little fine of \$200.00 a coupla weeks ago. The real "insides" of the story, as usual, did not come out in the daily press. It seems that, at his Long Island castle, where the guilty beverage was detected by some lynx-eyed minion of the local constabulary, is a caretaker and general factotum, Paley by name, whose lil daughter by the way, has for some six or eight years been generously befriended by the noted theatrical sharp. Among the many other accomplishments of the Teutonic Paley is a veteran expertness in wine-making. Now, on Oliver's L. I. domain has been cultivated with great success that pleasing specialty of arboriculture known as grape-growing. This year the yield was profuse, and the patriarchal Paley suggested that the succulent fruit could be used to good purpose for home-brew. Righto! it was done, and about 150 bottles of varied brand resulted. Unfortunately, however, in drawing off the precious vintage, the good Paley thoughtlessly inserted in the barrels some spigots that formerly had been used to draw turpentine-and when the "wine-tastoccurred it was found that this had tainted the entire product so badly as to make it unusable. So what the revenue sharp got was simply a lot of stuff classifying as turpentine ex-

Who was the gent, not Mr. Wenger, with whom Justine Johnson was wont to lunch so often at Delmonico's for some weeks ere she sailed?

Did the Fay Marbe outfit have to walk back from Cleveland? Fay, maid and dear old mumma had their fare out prepaid, we know! Why don't someone get up a Benefit?

News of Christy Mathewson

From a friend recently returned from Saranac, is heard some interesting news of Christy Mathewson. Contrary to the general impression, the celebrated patient is not afflicted with pulmonary tuberculosis, but with muscular tuberculosis, affecting his right arm, which is powerless and almost insensible to touch. His spirits are said to be high, and his nature marked by beautiful resignation and sweetness, despite the heavy affliction he must endure. Unfortunately, there does not appear to be any hope that he will regain the use of his arm, or that he can leave Saranac for a long time.

The New "Pavilion Royal" at Valley Stream, L. I.

VALLEY STREAM will take a swift and brilliant jump onto the map on the 28th of this month, when Paul Salvin and Jimmie Thompson open their new eating palace there, the Pa-vilion Royal. This is the site of the old Hoffman Arms, which has undergone, at an outlay of over \$100,000, one of those magical transformations that occur when Messrs. Salvin-Thompson get on the job. Pavilion Royal will boast a real English Grill, lavish in equipment, and the entire decorations of the place, inside and out, will make it one of the show-places of Long Island. Pavilion Royal can not fail to be the Motorists' Mecca during the coming summer.

To see that hustling P. A. Norman L. Sper bobbing around the Rialto one can only surmise that another press stunt is about ready to break out in print. After the Dixieland Jazz Band's trip to the Zoo under the guidance of their P. A., one may expect any sort of a live stunt. Ask Phil Baker, "Original" Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and the Salvin-Thompson organization.

Snappy Bits on the Shubert Attractions

At the Shubert theatre, where "Phoebe of Quality Street" holds forth, a photograph of the President hangs in the lobby, creating much attention between the acts. The inscription on the photograph reads: "To Shaun Glenville—With good wishes, gratitude for a pleasant evening, and the joy of many hearty laughs. Sincerely (Sgd.) Warren G. Harding." Maybe Shaun isn't pleased about this.

Lynne Overman, of "Just Married," at the Comedy theatre, is writing a farce he calls "Prohibition." Says that he will submit it to all the leading "wet" managers. Some say when you marry, you're "all wet," Lynne!

Doris Keane, starring in "Romance" at the Playhouse, has been asked to address the dramatic department of Harvard University on the relative importance of a play's acting and its writing.

The apparently timid young lawyer in "Toto" at the Bijou theatre, Beach Cooke, who nightly swallows a lighted cigarette on the entrance of the "Comtesse de Tillois," has received so many inquiries as to how he does it that he "rises to explain." He learned it years ago from a traveling mountebank. It consists of nothing more than pressing the end of the cigarette against the lower teeth with the tongue, which forces the cigarette upward and in-The cig is then so held with the lit end upward, and the mouth is closed. "After a few slight burnings it comes very easily," calmly adds Beach!!

Isn't It Funny

the whole lot that doesn't get in the paper? Take any cause celebre, spread over all the front pages. You think you know the whole dope from start to finish. But one day you meet the cousin of a second cousin of the family butler or coachman, and he gives you an earful of the REAL inside filling. Which exciting reflections are inspired by the recent widely published case of a well-known dancer, rumored to be betrothed to the scion of a multi-millionaire family, in which

affirmatives, denials, and counter-denials on said betrothal in the public prints almost crowded out Old Doc. Crane and the Medical Dept. WELL. That's all there was to THAT. But a dramatic weekly-probably aspiring to the Joe Miller Joke-Book blue ribbon—carried not long thereafter under some such heading as "Actresses Who Have Families" a solemn item extolling the lady in question as the proud possessor of a bouncing baby boy. Ye gods! Even BREVITIES, which is so used to hubbies crawling down fire-escapes and chorus girls with their ages transposed-was seized with chills and fever. Oh, no. there MUST be SOME mistake . . . But a little bird flapped in the other day, and chirped the scandal that while the matrimonial event had really fizzled, there was NO doubt as to the bouncing baby boy, and that-Watson, for God's sake, the ammonia!-and that-and that-well, that it was all an unfortunate episode, and while disparity of position, and aristocratic pride of escutcheon forbade the banns, everything otherwise was Jake, the proud young parent showing proudly to his varsity chums, photographic evidence of his procreative prowess, and the fond mumma being too deeply in love with her Don Juan to even hint at remonstrance or reprisal . . . Thus all is serene and lovely, and the goose hangs high.

We enjoy Billy Arnold's "Cinderella Revue" more than ever after seeing it a dozen times over that splendid dinner at Moulin Rouge. Earl Miller, Edna Grey and Peggy Wright stand out as the attractions of the show. Once more—when is some Broadway producer going to wake up and (1) realize that Billy Arnold is a second Royce or Wayburn in staging genius and (2) that the makings of a Broadway star are in Earl Miller's youth and voice?

To those familiar with Anna Spencer costuming organization it is not surprising to hear of the ever-increasing number of shows they are outfitting, the latest and most notable, "Two Little Girls in Blue." In this production Miss Spencer has achieved a triumph of style, novelty and coloring. If you want to see a bee-hive of industry, drop in at 244 West 42 any time.

THE "REAL, ONLY AND ORIGINAL PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN

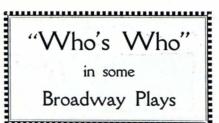
is in our midst at Madison Square Garden. There he conducts a "Gym" which is a marvel to see. Entering on the 26th street side you run up one short flight The first person you'll see will probably be dapper "Jack" himself, smiling and infectiously good-natured, with broad shoulders that bespeak his former prowess as one of the world's greatest pugilists. For five years "Jack" has conducted in Philly his "Business Men's Health Institute," which has 4,000 members. He decided to open in N. Y. a similar institution-so here he is. And the tired Business Man need suffer no longer from ragged nerves or jaded body since "Jack" is here, for his "Gym" offers every health-giving and health-restoring exercise and invention......Funny thing, but there's another so-called "Philadelphia Jack O'Brien." The ORIGINAL "Jack" has at last trailed him down, and exposures of the faker have been made by Bat Masterson in the Telegraph, also by Pat Casey, E. F. Albee, and many others. The imposter has traveled the country claiming credit for the ORIGINAL Jack's entire pugilistic record, but so far as discovered his only battles have been with cigarettes, cake and coffee. The ORIGINAL "Jack" doesn't know whether to be amused or mad. In fact he's so busy taking care of New York's elite at his "gym" he hasn't quite got around to it.

A HOARSE OF ANOTHER COLOR!

What's the sex of "Our Own Samuel Pepys" as drooled in the Tribune by the aggravating F. P. A.? On the tenth inst. poor F. P. A.—Pepys is down with what he spells trachelitis. Which he describes as "irritation of the windpipe." Obstetrical dictionaries describe it as quite another irritation. The word the pedantic columnist muffed on is tracheitis,—as you might say "a hoarse of another color." This bird will never qualify in gynecology.

A RHYME OF MOVIE MONICKERS

Sing a song of "Arline Pretty" 'Nough to queer the cutest ditty, "Louise Lovely"-there's a bird-Fit to rank with Broun's "H 3d." "Marjorie Dawn"-ye gods and fishes! Bet this dame once washed the dishes; "Irene Rich"-oh, blessed cats-Bet she once massaged the mats! "June Caprice"-now please don't holler Even if it heats your collar; For we've got a pip-oh, boy! Shift the stage for "Leatrice Jov." Now, don't you think a movie Moll Has an awful lot of gall To sport these names-when on your digit You'd bet her real one is BRIDGET!



VANDERBILT—IRENE—A Musical Comedy by James Montgomery; Music by Harry Tierney; Lyrics by Joe McCarthy—Cast: Walter Regan, Hobart Cavanaugh, Arthur Burckly, Donald Call, Waiter Croft, Patti Harrold, Mary King, Jane King, Florence Mills, Bernice McCabe, Dorothy Walters, Adelaide Hastings, Bobbie Watson.

GAIETY—Frank Bacon in LIGHT-N1N'—A live Wire American Comedy by Winchell Smith and Frank Bacon—Cast: Frank Bacon, Jay Hanna, Paul Stanton, Thomas MacLarine, John Hamilton, E. J. Blunkall, Sam Coit, George Spelvin, George Cooke, William F. Granger, George Thompson, Walter Ducart, James C. Lane, Beatrice Nichols, Jessie E. Pringle, Jane Oaker, Margaret Cambell, Dorothy Blackburn, Alice Quigley, Georgie Drew Mendum, Minnie Palmer, May Duryea, Betty Turner, Julio Brown, Alma Doll.

ELTINGE—LADIES NIGHT—A New Farce in 3 Acts by Avery Hopwood and Charlton Andrews—Cast: Suzanne Caubet, Claiborne Foster, John Cumberland, Allyn King, Charles Ruggles, Evelyn Gosnell, Edward Douglass, Mrs. Stuart Robson, Pearl Jardinere, Grace Kaber, Kay Laurell, Edna Spence, Judith Vosselli, Nellie Filmore, Julia Ralph, Fred Sutton, Peggy Courday.

NEW AMSTERDAM—A Ziegfeld Production — Presenting Marilynn Miller and Leon Errol in the New Musical Comedy in Three Acts and Five Scenes, SALLY—Book by Guy Bolton; Lyries by Clifford Grey; Music by Jerome Kern; Butterfly Ballet Music by Victor Herbert. Produced Under the Personal Direction of F. Ziegfeld Jr.—Cast: Alfred P. James, Mary Hay, Jacques Rebiroff, Walter Catlett, Marilynn Miller, Leon

Errol, Agatha DeBussy, Phil Ryley, Irving Fisher, Stanley Ridges, Alta King, Betty Williams, Barbara Dean, Vivian Vernon, Mary McDonald, Emily Drange, Frank Kingdon, Wade Boothe, Jack Barker.

LYCEUM—THE GOLD DIG-GERS—A Comedy in Three Acts by Avery Hopwood—Cast: Bruce McRae, H. Reeves-Smith, Frederick Truesdell, Horace Braham, Day Manson, A. E. Scott, William Goodridge, Arthur Miles, Gertie Vanderbilt, Jobyna Howland, Beverly West, Louise Galloway, Ruth Terry, Lorraine Lally, Lilyan Tashman, Luella Gear, Gladys Feldman, Katherine Walsh, Louise Burton.

KNICKERBOCKER - Sherman Brown, presents JUNE LOVE, Musical play in Two Acts; Book by Harbach and Post; Music by Friml; Lyrics by Brian Hooker; Staged under personal direction George Vivian: Dance Ensembles by David Bennett. Cast: Lois Josephine, Martha Mayo, Johnny Dooley, Clarence Nordstrom, James Billings, W. B. Davidson, Else Adler, Bertee Beaumonte, Lionel Pape Bille Shilling, Constance Madison, Doris Landy, Alice Gordon, Robert Heft, Rita Frederick, Dorothy Irving, Irma Irving, Betty Camppell, Doris Landy, Billie Shilling, Dorothy Tosbelle. Bobbie Renys, Wood, Nancy Bateman, Winifred Gibson, Constance Madison, Lotti Corri, Alice Gordon, Goldie Foley, Mabel Grete.

GREENWICH VILLAGE * INN

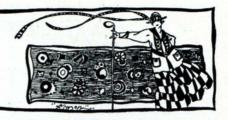
Famous restaurant of the Village

Barney Gallant, Manager

SHERIDAN SQUARE

Opposite Greenwich Village Theatre

Just a Lot Apple Sauce



Wasn't it cunning to see Ona Wilson retoin for a few weeks' visit to New Yawk—but why the Ritz stuff?

Will Gladys Bowie of "Sally" marry Miles Price as rumor hath it she will?

Doesn't Walter Kingsley ever get tired of finding work for girls and helping them to careers?

Who is the English red-haired beauty who seems to be trying to drink up all the Broadway cafes? Isn't she afraid someone will swipe her "rocks"?

Isn't that some beautiful high-powered boiler Monty P— has bought little Sylvia Day (Coast item) and hasn't the screen wren a most alarming case of up-stage?

Who was G-V- laying for one evening?

Who is the well-known beauty who is in love with Dickie M— and what is it that man has?

Wasn't that some flat party that J—S— gave? But why did he refuse admittance to two wonderful flappers? Was it because someone said he was "The Yellow Peril"?

Why did Owen M- make the girl cry at the famous roadhouse t'other night?

THE PEST CLUB

In a world of Flappers, Christian Scientists, Prohibitionists, Dancing Nuts, Blue Law Eggs, Deputy Sheriffs and Snowbirds we ought to all rejoice that BREVITIES, in 1920, founded THE PEST CLUB. As the Moe Levy ads. say, it's a "most unique" institution. Pests, great and small, are eligible for membership—all you have to do is "propose" them, and in they go without a dissenting voice. There are no fees of any kind—we're tickled to get applicants. For the benefit of our numerous perusers we have selected a few names from the roster of the CLUB, which now totals 4,000,000 souls:

Dr. Bowlby
Lil Tashman
Billy Freeman
Norah Bayes
Babe Ruth
Beatrice Carlyle
Old Man Ferris
"F. P. A."
Hattie Underhill
Ronald Wormrath
Mitch the Tailor
Wm. H. Anderson
Eleanor Tierney

Old Doc Crane
Old Doc Baer
Eva the Tanguay
Hirsch—Trot Hirsch
Grace La Rue
Mary Pickford
Don Cockroach Marquis
Old Doc Marden
Joe Vila (on acct. of monicker)
"Dr." Riesenfeld
ALL the Hoofers
Haystack Broun
Kay Laurell

Do You Believe in Daylight Shaving

PLAZA HOTEL IS PULLING THE OLD COUVERT CHARGE!

Yes, sir, they be—right in their little Rose Room, or whatever that auditorium facing Fifth Avenue is called. Happened in there with the Only Woman last Sunday night. 'Twas about 11 bells. Not a living soul in the room, except certain of those curious organisms known as buses, plus one sleepy waiter. In the offing a "Captain" dozed comfily in the vast stillness. The buses were busy turning off the table-lamps, and otherwise preparing for bed.....Hours before the orchestra had folded up its disjectii of horn and violin and gone hence.....When the check came it bore a cute line reading "Two covers, 50 cents." We remonstrated, finally sending for the "Manager." No siree—they wouldn't take 'em off!......"Didn't eat any 'covers' "chirped we.....Then, as we shouldn't have done, we paid it.....A pretty piece of petty and illegal thieving.....S. Jay Kaufman's attention is earnestly requested.

Taking it all in all, and man to man, do you think that Gladys Loftus should have got so sore at the "Unauthorized" use of her photograph by "two film companies"? Don't you agree, after a personal survey, that the real ones to get sore were the guys who paid admission?

You must have had a merry snicker if you happened to read an article by Dorothy Jardon in the Sunday Tribune, entitled "Opera has too much Bluff." "There is too much bluff about grand opera," drools Dorothy. "Remember, I've sung in opera—and I'll sing there some more—but right now I'm very happy in the two-a-day." We'll shay sho! After Dorothy's operatic exhibitions we'd think she ought to be glad it isn't the three-a-day. For she pulled an awful bloomer on the occasion she carolled with the Chicago Opera Co. That was two yawhs ago, when she had ONE "consecutive" appearance at the Lexington—on a cold and stormy Saturday night, when after shutting her out for the entire season, they stuffed her in a "Kind applause" bill. Those who heard her on that melancholy occasion unanimously voted her the best two-a-day artist they had ever seen. And they had seen Rosie Ponselle at the Metropolitan, another "steal" from the varieties, and another shining example of the fact that you can't make nightingales out of Loew headliners. If Rosie loses her latch-key as often as she does her vocal one, she must be shut out of her flat every night. Why encourage the Jardons and Ponselles and Werrenraths and Harrolds to invade a realm of music for which they are totally unfitted by birth, by training and by gifts?

Isn't it exasperating that the minute a playwright—Eugene O'Neil for instance—pokes his head above the dramaturgic frog-pond and croaks a trifle louder or with a more novel gutturality than his fellow amphibians, he is instantly acclaimed the supreme genius of our generation? Especially is he so acclaimed by the "insurgent"—or should we not say neurasthenic?—critics. Meaning such Egos as the insufferable Broun or that modern Fat Boy, the pedantic Mencken. Here is O'Neil, a middling writer of dramatic pot-boilers, slobbered by Broun and Mencken with adjectives that would be extravagant if applied to a Dunsany or a Pinero. O'Neil's rather ordinary gift is that, by the use of certain bizarre tricks of dialogue and action, he "makes your flesh creep." Most of his patter, as in "Bound East for Cardiff" is pure bathos, which when declaimed murders every semblance of reality. You can hear the wheels grind—and it is art's province to keep them noise-less.



Quick! Watson —the Needle for Cutie!

? ? ?

There's an Awful Rent in Her Flat!



Who wears green glasses and discovers water cress in tropical settings?

Why did Helen McGinnis suddenly slow down and go back to Chicago?

What does "flashing" mean to an autoist cruising along the curb in the evening?

What effect does pure grain alcohol have on a broad?

Why does the beautiful Kathlene Martin wear a wig in "Sally?"

How did Violet Weller take off weight and achieve that adorable svelte figure she brought back from the Coast?

What man says to the Captain at the Plaza: "Give the Countess and me any ring side table the Countess wants."

Where does Harry Masson meet so many peaches?

How many girls get their fresh vegetables, eggs and butter from the de luxe farm of the big-hearted Burton Castles?

Didn't Jean Thomas do mighty well in Eleanor Griffith's role in "The Last Waltz?"

Now that Billie Dove is back with Ziegfeld isn't she the blazing, outstanding beauty of the "Big Six" in "Sallie" with that refinement and distinction without which comeliness is apple sauce?

Who was the beauty with Burton Castles at the "Follies Ball?"

Isn't Kathleen Ardelle very smart and modish and good style these days?

Hasn't Geneva Mitchell shown good sense in not becoming Ritz over the fame and success to which she has been led by her showman admirer?

Isn't Geneva right, too, when she says one can be helped to opportunity but that one must after all make one's self?

Aren't Betty Walsh and Kitty Flynn two snappy youngsters in "The Last Waltz" who attract the eye inevitably?

Who can explain Dorothy Chappelle, super-peach and blonde mystery?

What famous show girl had fun poked at her in California, took it seriously in New York, and had it removed from her system?

What pretty chorus pet has a 4-plus Wasserman to her credit?



GILDA GRAY

Her many admirers will be enabled to enjoy this girl's brilliant artistry anew on her appearance in "Snap Shots of 1921" at Selwyn Theatre, in which she will make several noted impersonations.....Gilda, you're as welcome as the flowers in May!

Re-Enter Wee Frankie Paterno!

Some months ago we introduced to your rather bored attention the tough luck of little Frankie Paterno, who, coming home to his apartment one night last December with a bundle of herring, to his immortal amazement found his wife there. He thought she was in Buffalo. Frankie received the blueprints, and a few days ago filed his affidavits in answer to the suit, alleging all sorts of nasty things. Indeed on the strength of Frankie's statements the Appellate Division cut the amount of alimony from \$250.00 a month to \$200.00. Frankie alleges that a Dr. Maurice P. Searles "lived with her" at the time he went acourtin' the lady, but as the doctor was a "cousin," why, "it was all in the family!!!" (This bird's a wit!) She had told Frankie she was the widow of "Jack Henry" BUT-and now put the mutes on the brasseshe "found out that after her divorce from Henry she had been living with a William Bramwell, an actor. That Bramwell and he finally separated, the actor "marrying a prominent actress." Broadwayites with good memories will recall William Bramwell, lead for a time with the old Fifth Avenue Stock Co. at Proctor's 28th street and Broadway, wherein he met Minnie Seligman, whom he later married. Minnie Seligman also had a lot of publicity in her day, and many will recall the furore caused at the time she horse-whipped her first husband, Cutting, on Broadway in broad daylight.....Well, anyway, we're tickled to hear from Frankie again. Is it true he's a brother, cousin or something of "Doctor" Paterno who owns the San Remo and Avignon hotels?

The Mantle of Old Doc Baer

the funeral hound, whose disgusting publicity on behalf of Funeral Church Campbell was finally brought to a close by fusillades of ridicule from BREVITIES, seems in sorts to have fallen on the shoulders of Johnnie Doyle. Johnnie is the advertising sharp of the Kensico Cemetery, and has been printing in the Sunday papers a series of ads extolling the attractions of the Kensico graveyard, the literary style of his double-column blurbs carrying a loud echo, of Old Doc Baer's sentimental slush. In "Kensico" he tells us, are heard "only the chirp-

ing of the squirrels, the singing of the birds, the softly chanting requiems of Nature." It's "500 feet above sea level," boys, and if you get planted in "Kensico, my Kensico" no washouts are ever going to bother you. "This high-heaped cathedral of earth," he drools, breaking out in Miltonic organ-tones, "is secluded—peaceful." How jolly! Same old bunk of making dying delightful. We get a good idea from Johnnie's blurb, howeverthe squirrels. Why not cage several hundreds of the little four-footed creatures and bring them in to Johnnie's office in the Terminal Building and set them to chasing Johnnie. You know what kind of food they like!!!

Interesting Rumor as we Prance to Press!

Which is to the effect that Pretty Emlee Haddone is going to be married! We hear that John Tenney, a well-known Chicago business man is the lucky individual and rumor adds that the Newlyweds will spend their honeymoon in Paris. Well, here are our choicest congratulations!

"Yes, Sir!"

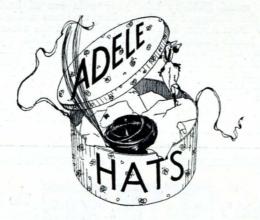
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Latest "Quotations" on Wives

Would you spend \$5.00 to take your wife out of hock? No! Well, poet Ayers of the Village, seems unwilling to place a higher valuation on his little armful. Poet Ayers, in a dithyrambic mood the other day, reminisced about Gabrielle Marie Jancelle, met and married in Paris while he was over there helping to dig graves for Fritz. Gaby travelled with him after the war, finally reaching London. Now the real PUNCH. Soon after landing in London he used enough "poetic license" to introduce Gaby to a MOTION PICTURE MANAGER, "who had been attracted by her beauty." A two-months baby could right here dope out the finish of poet Ayer's romance. Poet Ayers has lost track of wifey, and is thinking of offering a reward of five dollars in the Lost and Found dept. "I doubt if she's even worth the five" he confided to an American reporter.

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